

## The Critic

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### Work at Mt. Holyoke College

A LITTLE more than fifty years ago, advocates of the higher education of women found it hard to believe that the cause could be materially advanced by so humble a person as Mary Lyon; to-day it is as difficult to estimate the value of her services. In her youth, higher education was only for the young woman of means. Her own struggles to obtain it, despite her natural gifts, were so great that she could easily understand the impossibility of her weaker sisters being able to stand the necessary strain. To make their path easier became the absorbing object of her desires; and gradually she came to have a distinct conception of the seminary she was to found. She was known all through her State as a woman of prodigious powers of mind; and this, together with a keen insight into character and an overflowing spirit of goodwill, made her very much sought after by School Boards for positions where she would receive generous salaries. But she turned resolutely away from all such prospects, and at her own charges undertook a long and painful warfare to found an institution from which she should receive for compensation only a home and two hundred dollars a year. Not a man of wealth had at that time given her his countenance and aid; and even the religious press, in most cases, declined to publish the articles she sent them setting forth her plans. The story of her struggles with indifference, ignorance, bigotry and envy, and her final victory, reads like a romance—a romance in which the lover is a woman, and the object of her affection, her poor, hampered, ignorant sister-woman.

This article is written, not for the graduates or friends of Mt. Holyoke, but for that large body of persons whose ideas are exceedingly vague in regard to the institution—who hold shadowy beliefs that the pupils are required to spend one-half their time singing and praying, and the other half baking and scrubbing. Miss Lyon's object in founding Mt. Holyoke was that she might offer 'superior advantages' to those under its roof; and although she was eminently religious herself, and desired the religious nature of her pupils to receive care and training, she was at the same time an eminently practical woman, and a thorough educationist. Consequently, in the very first years of Mt. Holyoke the requisites for admission to the lowest class (called the Junior) amounted to a good common-school education, and pupils were admitted only after a careful examination. The number sent home yearly, from the beginning down to the present day, testifies to the absolute thoroughness of these examinations. The course of study from the outset coincided very nearly with that pursued by the best colleges, with the exception of Greek, the more difficult Latin authors, and the highest branches of mathematics. Science has always had a prominent place. Chemistry, geology, astronomy, natural philosophy, physiology and the philosophy of natural history are studied—seven branches of science in a course of twenty-three studies. It is and has been an unknown experience with a Senior at Mt. Holyoke to read in a circular of the institution of lectures she has never heard, or

studies she has never pursued. Up to this time what the Seminary has said would be done, has been done—conscientiously and thoroughly.

Now for the 'baking and scrubbing.' Miss Lyon's idea of reducing the expenses of the Seminary by having the domestic work done by the young ladies, has proved to be an admirable invention to do away with a monstrous and ever-increasing annoyance. The college has been freed from bondage to unscrupulous and unreliable servants. In connection with this all-absorbing and harassing theme, I think of the remark of a lady when she discharged her 'help.' 'I hire a girl,' she said, 'to rest my body, and I discharge her to rest my soul.' The domestic work at Mt. Holyoke is arranged with such perfect system and runs so smoothly, that each young lady has to work only one hour a day. This is so short a time, and the exercise is so invaluable in its effects on persons spending most of their time in study, that 'rest for the body' can not form a reason for engaging servants. Consequently the institution has been able to enjoy one unbroken 'rest of soul' since it was founded. Prof. Wm. Tyler, in his eloquent address delivered at the semi-centennial celebration, spoke especially of this feature of the work at Mt. Holyoke. He said the idea is that of a family organization, to which all the teachers and all the pupils belong, the Principal being the head, and the teachers the older, and the pupils the younger, sisters—an organization in which the interest of one is the interest of all, the dignity of labor, the happiness of service, the blessedness of self-denial and self-sacrifice, the old-fashioned virtues of industry, economy and system, and the law of mutual and equal love being taught by precept and example until they are incorporated in the soul and body of the individual, even as they are embodied in the institution itself. In the letters of *alumnae*, next to the educational advantages and the Christian character and influence of the Seminary, the writers insist most earnestly on the value of the family organization and the domestic work as furnishing a daily object-lesson in system, order, industry and economy, exhibiting a beautiful and successful example of coöperative housekeeping, and illustrating and enforcing the duty and the privilege of sacrifice and service one to another and each to all in the common relations of every-day life.

Now let us glance for a moment at what Mt. Holyoke has accomplished for the outside world. There have been 6300 pupils, 3033 graduates. More than 2000 students have become teachers. The first President and half the teachers of Wellesley College, the present Principal of Dana Hall (Preparatory School for Wellesley), the Lady-Principal for twenty-four years of Brooklyn Heights Seminary, and the Lady-Principals of Rutgers Female College, New York City; Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa; and Whitman College, Walla Walla, W. T., have all been Mt. Holyoke 'girls.' Eleven institutes and seminaries owe their existence and prosperity to the same source, and over forty other educational enterprises in the United States and Canada have Mt. Holyoke principals. As married and single missionaries they are to be found in Japan, China, Burmah, Ceylon, India, Syria, Persia, Turkey, Spain, Africa, South America and the Islands of the Pacific. In our own land, large numbers are interested in work in the home missionary field, among the Indians, Chinese, Mormons, and Negroes. Others are engaged in temperance work; while others still are concerned in the management of homes for the friendless, orphan asylums, and seaside homes for children, or are active members of State Boards of Charities, and bureaus of employment to supply women with work at home.

But not only in philanthropic and educational work are Mt. Holyoke *alumnae* engaged. At least forty have become physicians, after being graduated from leading medical colleges in our own land or abroad, while others have done excellent work in art and literature. They have contributed to nearly every standard newspaper and magazine in the country. Some have done editorial work, while others have

written books—Sunday-school books, standard reference books in history, school-books that have been endorsed and adopted by Boards of Education, original works in history, poetry, travel, and art criticism, and translations from the French and German.

In reading these facts, there is the feeling of having stood on the grand stand at a review where a noble army has passed before us. The sight has been inspiring; and it can not fail to carry conviction that the line of work pursued at Mt. Holyoke has not been of a religio-sentimental sort, but has rather tended to fit the graduates for practical, useful and highly intellectual lives. And when it is known that the institution has endeavored to carry out the founder's wishes in securing 'superior advantages' for its graduates by raising its standard—introducing Greek, the higher mathematics, more Latin and additional branches of science,—it will be seen that it received nothing but what it was fairly entitled to, when by Act of Legislature, last winter, the Seminary was granted the title of College. The courses of study will have to be changed but little to fulfil the requirements of the new name. And now Mt. Holyoke can discharge a debt that for many years it has felt it owed to its graduates, who have studied long and faithfully to complete the regular courses, but who, at the end of their labors could not receive that which would enable them to secure the same positions that in years past they have been accustomed to take, owing to the present tendency to place a higher value upon the college diploma.

ALICE M. MUZZY.

### Reviews

#### Frey's "Sobriquets and Nicknames"\*

THE volume before us is the first of its kind, the compiler says. Having no predecessors to guide or to warn him, Mr. Frey merits the more praise for what he has done well, and allowance for what he has failed to do, or has done awkwardly. If he has erred in seeking to cover too wide a field, let not the critic deal too harshly with him. What he has done is this: He has brought together a goodly number of sobriquets and nicknames, such as 'Old Man Eloquent,' 'Ironside,' 'Scourge of God,' 'Swamp Fox,' 'Extra Billy,' etc., all of which are properly within the scope of the work. To these he has added such names in fiction or poetry as represent real persons, as 'Atticus,' 'Cheeryble Brothers,' 'Seth Bede,' 'Old Mortality,' the characters in Longfellow's 'Tales of a Wayside Inn,' and in Dibdin's 'Bibliomania.' Furthermore, he has skimmed through Disraeli, Van Laun, Symonds, and several other biographers of literature, and gathered a large lot of epithets, few of which have ever gained general currency, while many have no especial significance, but may have been applied to scores of persons by their admirers, or devotees, or belittlers. 'Divine,' 'Ape,' 'Sot,' 'Prodigy,' 'Quack,' are examples of this class of entries. Mr. Frey has also taken the pains to give biographical sketches of a large number of the characters who figure in his book. 'The Diamond Duke,' Longfellow's 'Landlord,' 'Rob Roy' (3½ pages), 'The Poisoner,' and 'The Man in the Iron Mask' are among those thus favored, the last-named occupying twenty-five pages. And finally, one-fourth of the volume is taken up with a repetition of the titles, arranged under the real names. According to this classification, Shakspeare (31), Cromwell (28), Scott (27), and Johnson (26), appear to have the most plentiful supply of appellations.

Among the many curious nicknames to be found in the collection are 'No Flint,' given to Gen. Grey of Revolutionary renown, because he always used the bayonet; 'Turnip-Hoer,' as George I was popularly called, because, when he first went to England, he talked of turning St. James's Park into a turnip-field; 'Capability' Brown, whose continual use of the word naturally suggested it as a handle to his

name; 'Door-Opener,' as Crates, the Theban, was termed from his rebuking the Athenians every morning for late rising; and 'Extra' Billy Smith, about the origin of whose title there is some dispute between his opponents and admirers. The value of the work would be increased if more of these explanations and derivations were given, as the preface promises. 'Sunset' Cox, 'Soapy Sam,' 'Conversation' Sharp, 'Rainy Day' Smith, and 'River of Paradise' are among those unaccounted for.

The suspicion will arise that Mr. Frey at the outset fixed 500 pages as about the size that such a book ought to have, to rank with Brewer's Handbook and Dictionaries, and then set himself to work to fill it up to the required limit. The continual repetition, with each of thousands of entries, of the wholly unnecessary words, 'an epithet'—or 'nickname,' or 'sobriquet,' or 'title'—'given to,' is both space-consuming and laborious. The extended biographies, though mostly entertaining and informing, are scarcely within the scope of the work. Many of them, as well as some of the explanatory quotations (for instance under 'Cyrus,' 'Devil on Two Sticks,' etc.) are exceedingly diffuse, often covering half a page with what could have been told in three lines. And twenty-five pages to the 'Man in the Iron Mask'—a doubtful entry, at best! Of questionable propriety also is the admission of hundreds of appellatives gleaned from writers who have used them incidentally or but once. 'The character of a literary sycophant was never more perfectly exhibited than in Hurd,' says Disraeli. Van Laun speaks of Malherbe as 'the purist of language.' Symonds calls Leonardo 'the wizard or diviner.' 'A literary vassal,' 'a literary revolutionist,' 'a perpetual dictator,' 'a prodigy of literary curiosity,' 'a kind of prose Ariosto'—are other instances of this class of mere allusions, with which Mr. Frey fills his pages, and might have filled five hundred more. His zeal in this direction leads him even to encroach upon Mr. Cushing's parish, and to tell us that 'Della Crusca' and 'Mit Yenda' are names by which Gifford calls Merry and Adney, who had used these as their pseudonyms! Why not also 'Mark Twain,' 'Sam Slick,' and a thousand other pen-names having precisely as good claims to a place? And presently we come to 'Sinner Saved'—as Rev. Somebody termed himself, though what copyright he has upon a label used by myriads of 'regenerated' souls, we are not informed. One expects, of course, to find 'the chief of sinners,' Paul, but he has been ignored. Is the Bible on the Index Expurgatorius of Astor Library? Strange that Mr. Frey should never have heard of 'the beloved disciple,' 'father of the faithful,' 'sweet singer of Israel,' 'Boanerges,' 'sons of thunder,' 'son of consolation,' 'Dives,' 'Job's comforters,' and a host of other Biblical characters, not to mention 'that bright Occidental Star' of the dedication of King James's version! Where is the city missionary?

Further confirmation of the suspicion hinted at above is found in the discovery of half-a-page and more of biography based upon Byron's line 'Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart'—certainly an amazing stretch of the significance of the word 'nickname'! This is even worse than the belittling of Cromwell's official title, 'Lord Protector,'—or the explanation of 'Le Désiré,'—or his odd slip in saying that Disraeli calls Hobbes 'the mighty Leviathan,'—or a dozen other flaws which might be picked in his work. Almost equally surprising is the style adopted in the arrangement of the material. As it comes from an accomplished librarian, cataloguer, index-maker, member of the A.L.A., etc., it must be the latest thing out, but we hope the fashion will have no following. According to this unique arrangement, you look for 'a ruder Burns,' under R, 'the prose Burns,' under P, 'the French Burns' under F, and so on. The Shakspeares of the world are still more scattered, and may be found, some where all properly belong, and the rest under 'Another,' 'Second,' and similar inconsequent words. Unless one knows the exact title for which he is searching, he will vainly look for it under the most important word.

\* Sobriquets and Nicknames. By Albert R. Frey. \$3. Boston: Ticknor & Co.



Many, if not all, of the faults which have rendered this entertaining volume so vulnerable to criticism, might have been avoided if the editor had not undertaken to do the work alone. No one person is competent to prepare such a dictionary, so much needed, and valuable in proportion to its approximation toward completeness. By drawing upon his circle of literary friends for suggestions and contributions, Mr. Frey would have made a far better book, would have left out many absurdities and superfluities, and would still have made a 'sizable' volume by inserting such titles as the following, which he has overlooked: Everard the Grinner, Everard with the Beard, Shamming Wolf of Wunnenstein, Frederick the Quarrelsome, the Gentle, Henry the Contentious, Lewis the Severe, Otto the Lazy, the Rich, the Illustrious, Evangelical Maccabaeus, Brandenburg Agrippina, Red King (Blücher), Biting Wolf, Iron Prince, Posthumous, Bull of Uri, Princess of Princesses, City-Builder, Guardian of the Holy Grave, Emperor Nightcap, Little Abbot, Napoleon the Little, or Less, Nephew of his Uncle, Poet of the Alps, Dr. Liar, Royal Bluebeard, L'Ouverture, Pride's Purge, Quakers, Shakers, Dunkers, Hard-Shell Baptists, Sans Culottes, Beggars, Christodins, Parpaillots, Huguenots, Puritans, Precisions, Frondeurs, Newton of Natural History, Hare of Many Friends, German Sappho, Pilgrim of Eternity, Flower of Normandy, Bell-wether of all Mischief, Shakspeare of India, Apostle of Sweetness and Light, etc. To these he might have added the still more familiar ones: Grand Old Man, Poet of the Sierras, Great Objector, Nullifier, Great Unwashed, Sweet Singer of Michigan, Seven Octaves, Little Unready, Fuss and Feathers, London Banker, Great Repudiator, Bobbin Boy, Old Probabilities, Patched Breeches, Tall Sycamore of the Wabash, His Fraudulency, Useless; Silent Man, Warwick of America, Godlike, Jersey Lily, Game Cock, Canal Boy, Tanner, Sages of Concord, Graystone, Kinderhook, and Marshfield, White-coated Philosopher, Brick, Ossawatamie, Great American Traveller, Long John, the Prophet, Old Ironsides, Grand Old Party, or G. O. P., etc.

#### Lang's "Perrault's Popular Tales"\*

IT IS NOT often that we get a French classic in the original antique spelling, accompanied by an English preface and introduction, a thorough biography of the author, an analysis of his great work, and a treatise on comparative mythology, all combined in one, and all 'manufactured' so beautifully as Lang's new volume of Perrault's French fairytales. These tales have now been in print nearly two hundred years, and have amused generations of big and little children. Their author figured in the *grand siècle*: he was an Academician of the times of Louis Quatorze; he chatted and told stories to Mme. de Sévigné; doubtless he cracked jokes with the Grand Monarque himself. Little did he think that his fame would be connected with Cinderella and Puss in Boots, and not with a certain huge tome which he composed and put forth in eulogy of the illustrious men of the Age of Louis XIV.; but so it was. 'Every generation listens in its turn to this old family friend of all the world. . . . It is to this union of old age and childhood, of pleasant memories, and memories of Versailles, to this kindly handling of venerable legends, that Perrault's "Contes" owe their perennial charm.' From him these tales spread in translations all over Europe; and Mr. Lang's special business with them is to show, not that they are disguised 'sun-myths,' or exclusive possessions of the Aryan race, or due to a 'disease of language,' but that they are generally common to the whole human race, are found on tablets of clay and on papyrus, in Zulu-land and among the Ojibways. 'The ideas and situations are all afloat, everywhere, in the imaginations of early and pre-scientific men.' Accordingly, Mr. Lang rejects all merely transcendental explanations and theories of popular tales, and, taking Per-

rault's in particular, one by one—'Blue Beard,' 'Sleeping Beauty,' and all,—endeavors to show how much these apparently French tales have in common with Asiatic, Peruvian, Australian, and American Indian myths; in short, how they sprang from human nature as a whole, and not altogether from any one tribe or congeries of tribes whatsoever. His thesis is wrought out with delightful art, with rare literary skill, with immense knowledge of the literature of the subject, with great good humor and good temper. The book is a *chef d'œuvre* of literary interpretation, of editing, of facile and graceful writing, and of 'knowledge made easy.'

#### Pater's "Renaissance"\*

TO THOSE who have read 'Marius the Epicurean' and 'Imaginary Portraits,' Mr. Pater's name will be no strange one. Roman civilization has never had a more exquisite sunset glimmer thrown over it than in the historical romance which treats of the Epicurean dream melting into Christian realities; nor did Landor himself equal Mr. Pater in the trenchant delicacy, the gemlike austerity and clearness of line that gave so high a charm, so pure an aspiration, to the 'Imaginary Portraits.' It is given to few writers, indeed, to possess so rare a mental organization as the author of 'The Renaissance.' We are told of phosphorus and lime and delicate fibres transforming themselves into a human being,—of nerves, and electric currents, and mysterious physiologies compounding together to form a *me*; but surely this is not all: there is a shine, a gleam, a genius beyond. A taper may be all this, and yet what is a taper unless it is glittering on the oil? Mr. Pater appears to be the product of most even, most harmonious opportunities. His lines, from the start, ran not only in pleasant places, but through delightful mental scenery, along aptitudes that were artistic, in grooves intellectual from the beginning, and amid culture that had the sensitiveness of an East Indian sponge to absorb and fill itself with what is good. One cannot bring out his quality, his personal *bouquet*, better than by comparing his sketches of the Renaissance with the brilliant and effective but artistically rude Macaulayish work of Symonds. In one all is glare, sunshine, rhetoric, overflow: a great opera-curtain filled to superabundance with figures and movements. The other is cool, moonlit, mystical, penetrating; exquisite refinement, perfect taste, beautiful feeling for the meanings of words, a Greek asceticism in the use of figures, yet an Italian flush suffusing the pale marble, the glimmering moonflowers: such is the effect of Pater's Renaissance studies, which we revelled in years ago when they first came out. This scholar is like a musician selecting some perfect viol, some instrument of seven or eight strings, whence to evoke, not loud-sounding *allegros*, or *staccato* screams, but even, mellow, sinuous, insinuating coils and recoils of music, that spin themselves out of the strings as fine as gold and cleave their way, on arrowy pinions, straight to the brain, each filament dipped in 'cerebricity' and tickling into life some latent association of the reader.

Thus, beginning with 'Aucassin and Nicolette' (so charmingly Englished by Mr. Andrew Lang), Mr. Pater draws his magic bow across such melodious strings as 'Pico della Mirandola,' 'Sandro Botticelli,' 'Luca della Robbia,' 'The Poetry of Michelangelo,' 'Leonardo,' 'The School of Giorgione,' and 'Joachim du Bellay,' eliciting from each characteristic tones both rare and memorable: each leaving its 'douce haleine' to linger in the intellectual nostril long after the chord has been struck. We can see how each of these beautiful papers fits into the next like an encircling of old Dutch tiles about a fireplace. 'Aucassin and Nicolette' begins—as 'Joachim du Bellay' ends—the Renaissance in France, and so far as France was concerned: 'the Renaissance thus putting forth in France an aftermath, a wonderful later growth, the products of which have to the full that

\* Perrault's Popular Tales. Edited, from the Original Editions, by Andrew Lang. \$3.75. New York: Macmillan & Co.

\* The Renaissance: Studies in Art and Poetry. By Walter Pater. Revised edition. \$2. New York: Macmillan & Co.

subtle and delicate sweetness which belongs to a refined and comely decadence.' The intervening studies lie along the wondrous lines of the Italian Fifteenth Century,—that solemn Fifteenth Century which can hardly be studied too much.' Each one of these studies is 'pricked out,' as it were, in blue and gold, in solemn or radiant tints as the subject demands, and, while distinct from the others and touching a different angle of the many-sided complex, each combines with all to give a delicate artistic circuit, a periphery at once graceful and full, an outline tenuous in its crescent thinness yet sharp as a moon-horn in its effect on the reader. To one who cares not to come in on the full cathedral service of Symonds, with chant antiphonal, and altars blazing, these silver litanies will be most sweet: thin, high, delicate, warbling, hanging among the pillars longer than incense, and getting dyes and colors somehow from the jewelled windows.

Rose Lathrop's "Along the Shore"\*

THE listener on Dover Beach heard—and the seaside dreamer still may hear—the measured waves and tides 'bring the eternal note of sadness in.' The insistent pleading of the minor strain in the minstrelsy of the Great Deep finds a sensitive ear, a responsive voice, in the gentle singer who calls her gathered music 'Along the Shore.' But, though at the start she tells us of sun-kissed, foam-flecked waters; of speeding canvas-wings 'Gold in the sun, dark when it fails;' of the one distinct utterance heard in the breaking wave,—'Years!'—yet is the Great Deep of her song-fathoming rather that of the heart's experience than of the physical element. In the touching little allegory of 'The World and the Shell,' she reminds us how the self-same pent, softly reverberating voice from the human sea is heard both by youth and riper time, yet is heard with what difference!—the once magical murmur having become a voice 'wild with tears.' She strives for verbal embodiment of the unexpressed and nearly inexpressible, seeks among visible things for an analogue to the soul's fiery virtue, veiled, as it is, in the obscurities of transitory being. She would characterize the heart's broken purposes, its lapsed passions, still blindly retained, even as

The old urns cannot read  
The names they wear of kings they keep  
In ashes; both are dead.

Sometimes she pursues the impersonal and takes far flight into the abstract. 'Lost Reality' is apostrophized as an invisible but influencing presence:

We see thee not, because thou wilt not seem!

In 'One and One,' the inadequacy of speech to convey finalities of emotion is passionately arraigned:

The longed-for words, which of us ever says?

The imagined blending of individual sentient life with the never-troubled elements (yet a blending in which sentient life may exult in elemental might and beauty) is an idea exquisitely rendered in 'Unity in Space.' 'The Lost Battle' and 'Hidden History' are Hawthornesque themes, treating of solitary conflict and of the discrepancy between actual and reputed heroism of conduct. To those who look back upon a field of defeated or mistaken aims (and who has not a window opening on that prospect?), there is cheer in the conclusion the poet reaches in 'The Roads that meet:'

If all we miss  
In the great plans that shake  
The world, still God has need of this,—  
Even our mistake.

In a poem of six lines, and of a very tender beauty, the motive and errand of woman's song are likened to the thrush's delight in hearing his voice run about the leafy aisles and return again to its nested source; but is not this loved security the demand of the poet at large, and not merely that of the woman who sings?

\* Along the Shore. By Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. \$1. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Here and there we note a touch of the weird and legendary, as in 'The Ghosts of Revellers,' which might have been written after a dream-encounter with the will-dancers of the old German superstition. The fact that in this small volume two poems treat of suicide illustrates the tendency towards themes of a lugubrious character. It could scarcely have been inspiration that, in the poem 'Power Against Power,' dictated the lines following:

The End approaches, and the man  
Dreams of no spell for quelling Him.

Nor is that figure much more felicitous which, in 'The Violin,' represents the listener's 'rested senses' as springing 'like juice from a broken rind.' Across the prevailingly pensive pages of this book flickers a gleam of Thackerayan humor in the verses entitled 'Neither;' a decadent beau bemoans his advanced years, which no longer permit him with congruity to indulge in youthful frivolities, or to pose as one 'just trying flights' (who tried them long ago), yet is he loth to join the society of

Those hoary dogs  
Who lie like logs  
Around the clubs where life is hushed.

New Works in Political Science

BOOKS on political and economical subjects multiply so fast that one can hardly examine them all, much less give them an extended review. If their quality were equal to their quantity, the political education of the rising generation would be amply provided for. Among recent publications of the kind we have received two dealing with the subject of constitutional law. The first is a new edition of Mr. Simon Sterne's work on the 'Constitutional History and Political Development of the United States.' (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) The work has been rewritten in parts, and some pages have been added dealing with questions that have arisen since the appearance of the first edition. The principal defect of Mr. Sterne's work is that it attempts too much; since it aims not only to give an exposition of the Constitution, but also to narrate the political history of the country since the first formation of the Union; and there is, besides, considerable discussion of pending political questions not of a Constitutional character. The result is that none of the topics is treated with sufficient fulness; while the discussions on the tariff, civil service reform, and minority representation seem hardly germane to the purpose of the work. Nevertheless, the book contains a large amount of information in a compendious form, and will be serviceable to those who cannot spend time on more extended works.

'A Manual of the Constitutional History of Canada,' by J. G. Bourinot, Clerk of the Canadian House of Commons (Montreal: Dawson Bros.), begins with an account of Canadian politics under the French régime, when the country was ruled by a Governor and Intendant under instructions from the royal authority in France. It then sketches in brief the changes introduced from time to time by the Imperial Government of England. Under the French rule the people had no voice in their own affairs; and their history since the English conquest is in great part the story of their endeavors to obtain such a voice. Even after a representative Assembly had been granted them, the Governor and his Privy Council insisted on conducting affairs with little regard to the people's wishes; and this evil was not remedied until the principle was established by the Imperial Government, that the members of the Council must be responsible to the Assembly. The Constitution of the Dominion as established by Act of Parliament in 1867, is in one important respect quite different from the Constitution of the United States. Our own Federal Government is one of delegated powers, and all powers not so delegated are reserved to the States; but in Canada the Provincial Governments have no powers but such as are expressly given them by the Act of Parliament establishing the Federal Union. Moreover, the Governor-General, acting under the advice of his Council, appoints the Lieutenant-Governors of the several Provinces; and he has also, with the assent of his Council, authority to disallow any act of a Provincial Legislature if it conflicts with the Constitution or the laws of the Dominion. Thus, as he also appoints the members of the Senate of the Dominion, it will be evident that the Canadian executive has much more influence in domestic affairs than the executive of the United States possesses. All these points, and many others, are fully illustrated in Mr. Bourinot's authoritative work.

Prof. R. T. Ely's 'Taxation in American States and Cities' (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) is a timely and useful contribution to the dis-



cussion of an important subject. The author was lately a member of the Maryland Tax Commission, and in that capacity visited many other States of the Union to study their systems of finance. Much of the information thus obtained is presented in this book, and cannot fail to be useful both to students of finance and to practical statesmen. The work is by no means confined, however, to the presentation of facts and statistics, but contains an extended discussion of the principles of taxation and of the best practical modes of raising revenue. It opens with a general statement of what taxes are, and of the various classes of taxes that have at different times been levied, and gives a brief account of the growth and development of taxation in the states of the modern world. The second and fourth parts of the work treat of the history of American taxation, and of the various systems of revenue now prevailing in the several States of the Union. State and municipal taxation alone are dealt with, that of the National Government being foreign to the author's purpose. The third part of the work, which treats of 'Taxation as it Ought to Be,' will probably attract the most attention and awaken the most difference of opinion. Prof. Ely is not favorable to indirect taxation, though he admits its necessity in some cases, and is strongly opposed to most taxes on personal property, especially to those on notes, bonds and other evidences of debt. His investigations have revealed to him the immense amount of fraud and tax-dodging that is perpetrated by holders of such intangible property, and he would do away with it by abolishing that class of taxes entirely. For purposes of State revenue, as distinguished from that of the municipalities, he would establish an income tax, which he believes could be collected with less difficulty and would be attended with less evasion than taxes on personal property. He also favors the raising of some revenue by public works and monopolies, and would have cities, for instance, supply themselves with gas and some other commodities. Railroad companies he would have taxed in proportion to their gross income; church property he would exempt in part from municipal taxation; while that of incorporated schools, colleges and universities he would exempt entirely. Many other points of interest are discussed in Prof. Ely's pages, which will well repay perusal, whether one agrees with the author's views or not.

#### Recent Fiction

A BOOK whose chief merit rests upon its local coloring, upon the prototypes of its characters and the association of its places, is not perhaps a lasting contribution to literature, but it may be interesting to a large number of people. Mrs. Wheeler's 'Stray Leaves from Newport' (Cupples, Hurd & Co.), a second edition of which comes to us in very attractive dress, is much this sort of book. The principal story in it is one of those bits of fiction which make real life by comparison so difficult and commonplace. A resolute young lady has a desire to better the impoverished family fortunes by earning money to buy back the family homestead. She paints dinner-cards and pictures, makes designs for mantlepieces and wood-carving, embroiders, makes butter, and finally conceives the idea of extracting iodine from kelp—all with the tantalizing financial success of ventures in a book. To crown all this good luck, just in time to save her from losing the old family property, she finds \$40,000 worth of bonds in an old desk. We fear that stories like this are responsible for much of the asperity with which fiction is regarded by 'practical' people. There is considerable action in the story, but the characters are vapory—much like the flat surface figures of old tapestry. The language is easy and graceful, and the conversation natural, and the whole book bears the impress of an accomplished woman.

IF SOME ONE will start a society for the Protection of Short Stories, after the manner of that for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, it will be a truly philanthropic act. Here is J. S. of Dale, whose mental offspring and 'Residuary Legatee' was cradled in *Scribner's* not two years ago, endeavoring to give it the full stature and appearance of novelistic manhood. Why will not authors learn that this process of enlarging is always ruinous, so much fancy oozes out between the threads of the story? However, 'The Residuary Legatee' (Charles Scribner's Sons) is still good reading, and bears about it the traces of its good bringing up, noticeably its style, which in a short story would be what might be called the serio-jocose, and which in this elongated production has somewhat the same effect as juvenile frocks on an overgrown young woman. Mr. Stimson has apparently three distinct styles: the minutely accurate, of his 'American Statute Law'; the serious, as in 'Guernedale'; and the trit-trot-to-market—the three bearing much the same relation to each other that the voices of the three bears did to Little Golden Hair. For ourselves, we find the 'Little wee Bear' a trifle ludicrous at times, but after all, that may be what he intended.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE (who has lately written somewhat on the sin of over-reading) has turned aside for a moment from the writing up of Inspector Byrnes's Gaboriau-like plots, and the weaving of his own weird imaginings into eerie tales, to tell, in 'A Dream and a Forgetting'—despite the mystical possibilities suggested in the title,—an ordinary story, about ordinary people, in quite the ordinary way. Whether his work, when he descends from the romantic regions where he usually dwells to the common level of everyday life, is improved thereby, is not plainly manifest. If this last piece of fiction be made the criterion, it certainly does not so appear. Not that inferior tales to 'A Dream and a Forgetting' have never been written; but Mr. Hawthorne has made, and can make, much better stuff than this. It belongs to that class of productions, of which so much is turned off the looms of fiction nowadays, which is picked up for the moment, glanced through, dropped, and never thought of again. The story is rapidly sketched, easily written, and glistens now and then with a beautiful passage or a brilliant epigram; but when it is ended, what is left in the mind of the reader? What is its *raison d'être*? Still, as one finds himself asking the same questions of two-thirds of the novels written nowadays, they are hardly worth emphasizing in this case. And there is one pleasant thing that can always be said of Julian Hawthorne: he never bores you. He inherits from his father, whose taste in mere literary workmanship was unimpeachable, something of that same taste. Whatever he has to say, he says straightforwardly. Prolivity in his stories is an unknown quantity. (Belford, Clarke & Co.)

WE OFTEN ask ourselves, 'What is the chief end of the novel?' If it be to entertain, 'His Broken Sword,' by Louise Winnie Taylor (Belford, Clarke & Co.), is but poorly contrived. If it is to educate morally and socially, the book has not, perhaps, fallen so far short of its mission. It is in this latter aspect that it should be judged, for it essentially lacks the artistic proportions, the intimate relation of situation to the portrayal of character, the continuity, the humor, the charm of variety of the novel, while it has in a marked degree the earnestness, the directness, the serious reflection of an ethical treatise. It is a humanitarian's view of the frequent injustice of our courts of justice and penitentiary life. The hero of the story, in the midst of the brightest auguries for the future, has the evil fortune to strike dead a man who attempted to traduce the young lady whom the hero was about to wed. He is sentenced to State Prison for ten years, but before he goes, his affianced bride insists upon marrying him. It is during the years of his sentence and the visits of his wife to the prison that the descriptions and observations of the greater part of this book are made. It is the writing of a mind with a strong religious bent, a judicial understanding, and a temperament deeply colored by the misery and injustice which one-half of society inflicts upon the other. As a novel it is unmitigatedly sombre, and we doubt the author's wisdom in choosing this form in which to clothe her ideas; for a book which is largely composed of the record of individual suffering is too heavily freighted to sail upon the light waters of fiction.

'THE HISTORY OF NICHOLAS MUSS' (Harper & Bros.) is a delightful bit of old-world story, half truth, half fiction. A long, long time ago the efficacy of putting new wine in old bottles was doubted, but in a literary way, the experiment has been tried sometimes with success. No essay of this kind has been made in a long while with happier results than that of M. Charles du Bois-Melly, who has woven out of an old-time episode in the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew a new-time tale, of which Stevenson might be proud. 'Now on that evening,' when certain good comrades all were sitting together over a tankard in the lodgment of Master Nicholas Muss, called the Refrere, some one in speaking 'did recall the Matins of Paris.' 'Know ye nought but hearsay?' demands Master Nicholas, approaching, goblet in hand, the table where they sat, 'Sdeath, comrades! closely I did keep vigil, feast and octave of the Saint Barthélemy of that year 1572, and if it please ye to hearken to my story, ready am I to tell it.' So the old man begins, and relates how for some annoyance of youth he left his academy of Louisburg in Wittemberg, and enrolled himself among the Black Refreres of Mansfield; how he succored, and so became household servitor to, M. l'Amiral Coligny; how with a comrade true, a valiant Swiss, he adventured his life during the Matins of Paris; how through God's help he had deliverance therefrom, and how he protected the young damsel afterwards his spouse. A right good tale he tells, and gladly would you applaud him were it not for its pathetic ending; for 'Navarre was slain upon the bastion l'Evangile on the day of the Three Mines.' The narrative is flawless in its way, and makes one wish that all history might be written in this style. The scene between Despina and Navarre upon the road to Monarville is exquisite in its tenderness and

pathos, and tempts the reviewer to quote it at length, that a prose-poem so pure and delicate may be missed by no one. For the rendition into English, one can say only the best things, it is done so well.

#### Minor Notices.

IN 'THE CAUSES of the French Revolution,' by Prof. R. H. Dabney of the State University of Indiana (Henry Holt & Co.), the author does not assume to give us any novel views or the results of any original researches of his own. He has brought together, from the works of such well-known writers as Arthur Young, Lewis Blanc, de Tocqueville, Buckle, Taine, and other authors of their class, the various assigned causes and preliminaries of the French Revolution, and has presented them with much clearness and force, sometimes in the words of his authorities. His own style is spirited and fluent, though not always so correct or so polished as one is disposed to expect in a professor of history. His claim that, by thus combining the views and facts drawn from a variety of sources, he 'has given, in a short space, a more comprehensive account of the causes of the great upheaval than has thus far appeared,' is perhaps fairly warranted. We know of no book in which the influences that are commonly supposed to have produced the Revolution are more plainly or more impressively set forth. But here, as in the authorities he cites, the most important influence of all—that which made the course of events in France differ so widely from the contemporary history of the adjoining countries, and particularly of Germany—the influence of race—is in great part overlooked. No scientific or satisfying history of the Revolutionary era will be written until this influence is carefully studied and fully taken into account.

'THE SEMINARY METHOD of Original Study in the Historical Sciences,' by Frank Hugh Foster, Professor of Church History in the Theological Seminary at Oberlin (Charles Scribner's Sons), is a strong and timely plea for original investigation. Prof. Foster insists that a taste for, and the ability to conduct, a line of research in any one department will ensure to the student a power undreamed of. To know some one thing as thoroughly as it can be known, will help a busy pastor or professional man in many directions. Prof. Foster aims to introduce the seminary method, so common in German universities, into our higher schools of learning. In his little brochure he treats of the necessary preparation, the method of original study, gives detailed examples, and shows the uses and limits of the method in college. An appendix contains valuable lists of topics and miscellaneous information which must have cost the author great labor. A good index completes this valuable work. The style is brisk, rapid, pleasant and thoroughly American, while the English is excellent. If the book is widely read, which we hope it will be, we shall not depend hereafter as much as we now do on Germany for our best historical work. As a remedy for dullness in preachers and prosers in all professions, we know of nothing better than original research.—LITERARY BULLETIN No. 8 of the University of California presents a list of 'References for Students of Miracle Plays and Mysteries,' compiled by Francis H. Stoddard. This bibliography of the subject gives a most impressive idea of the great extent to which the theatrical method of teaching religion once prevailed in Europe. After the sixty-six pages, a fly-leaf gives a conspectus of the various cycles of extant English miracle plays.

'THE KNIGHT'S TALE' of Chaucer, with the preliminary essays and the notes of Richard Morris, has been published in the English Classics Series of Clark & Maynard. It is well adapted to school use, and contains a glossary and other necessary helps. The book is well edited, and is a marvel of condensed information.—'OUTLINES OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY,' by J. D. Everett (D. Appleton & Co.), is designed for schools and for general readers. It gives the latest facts and theories in physics, and in an interesting and suggestive manner—a manner calculated to attract and hold the attention of the student. It is well adapted for use in the school-room; its statements are concise and clear, and its illustrations well chosen.—'THE ETHICS OF MARRIAGE,' by H. S. Pomeroy (Funk & Wagnalls), is a physician's word on the evils which arise from the violations of the natural and ethical laws of marriage. It is an earnest plea for better living with reference to sexual conditions; and it points out very clearly the evils which arise to individuals and the community when nature and morality are disregarded. The book is written with a serious and earnest purpose, to counteract what the author regards as a growing danger of the first magnitude. His standard for the married life is a high and noble one, for which he pleads with vigorous words.

WHAT Dr. Leonard Woolsey Bacon writes is seldom dull, and there is much vivacity and spirit in the recent collection of his sermons delivered in Woodland Church, Philadelphia, and entitled 'The Simplicity That is in Christ' (Funk & Wagnalls). They are earnest, practical, candid, and definite. They are often appreciative and broadminded; occasionally, somewhat hasty and crotchety. The latter characteristics appear, along with much truth, in the sermon on 'The Church,' which evidently sets forth a pet theory. Among the more useful and timely sermons we should give that on 'Creation' and that on 'The Scriptures' a prominent place.—IN DR. W. S. RAINSFORD'S 'Sermons Preached in St. George's' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) we have no elaborate exposition, but sketches, hints, fragments and corners of truth, suggesting rather than satisfying—all the more attractive to some for that, we do not doubt. They are irradiated and warmed by simple, sincere and manly human feeling, quickened by keen religious sensibility, and effectively backed by a vigorous and healthy native endowment. They contain abundant germ-thoughts, but perhaps are of still greater worth as the index of a hearty, tireless and effective personality. No religious work doing in this city is better worth study than that which Dr. Rainsford and his associates are carrying on at St. George's.

THE latest professor of the art of reading character from handwriting is Mr. (or Mrs. or Miss) E. (Ezra or Esther?) Palmer, whose 'Chirography' (G. P. Putnam's Sons) makes a broad-margined pamphlet of some twenty pages. From it, with the help of several illustrative examples, one may learn that a person who is, mentally, so slouchy as to write his *a*'s and *o*'s and *g*'s and *s*'s open at the top is likely to prove untruthful,—that pinched and narrowed letters indicate reserve,—that pain gives jagged and ragged endings,—that dashes as terminations signify enthusiasm,—tails of *f*'s and *g*'s and *y*'s cut off, firmness,—final letters turning upward, wittiness and fun; downward, sadness,—and so on. Such speculations seem curious rather than useful, though our author claims that a knowledge of these principles may prevent deceptions, show us our own and others' faults and goodnesses, and make us more kindly and generous.—'GETTYSBURG MADE PLAIN' is the title of a modest little pamphlet prepared by Gen. Abner Doubleday, and published by The Century Co. The book is conveniently divided into brief paragraphs, concisely stating the different features of the battle, to which are added 29 maps for the geographical elucidation of the text. For obtaining a bird's-eye view of the most important battle in the Rebellion, Gen. Doubleday's brochure is incomparable.

'LIFE'S PROBLEMS: HERE AND HEREAFTER' (Cupples & Hurd) is described on the title-page as 'an autobiography,' but the author's name is not given. It gives the spiritual experiences of a clergyman who found it difficult to believe in the teachings of Christianity, and yet who was at last brought through varied experiences to a firm ground of faith. He was influenced by science, the study of history, rational inquiry, as well as by spiritualism, in his efforts to gain a more believing attitude of mind. The book is written in a pleasant style, and has enough of the personal element to give it interest. We do not find that it probes deeply into any questions that distress doubting souls; but many who are troubled by a superficial skepticism may get help from it.—'PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF MORALITY' is a text-book on ethics by President E. G. Robinson of Brown University. (Boston: Silver, Rogers & Co.) It is something more than a text-book, however, for it discusses in an able manner, though briefly, the fundamental questions of ethics; and the author defends with much ability the general point of view of the intuitional school. While eclectic in his general spirit, he is not satisfied with either the utilitarian or the evolution theory of the origin and authority of the moral sanctions. His work has the merit of clearness and conciseness, and is written in a manner which thoroughly adapts it to the needs of students.—'THE RIGHT OF PROPERTY and the Ownership of Land' (Cupples & Hurd) is an important discussion of this subject by Prof. W. T. Harris. It is one of the most searching answers which have been made to the position of Henry George and the other advocates of communism. Mr. Harris shows why ownership by the individual is absolutely important to the development of man's higher nature and to the growth of civilization.

#### The Magazines

The North American Review is rather below its ordinary level in point of interest this month. 'The Combat for the Faith,' as the Field-Ingalls-Gladstone controversy is called, is the subject of the opening contribution, the joint production of Miss Phelps, Prof. Proctor, the Rev. Robt. Collyer, Rabbi Mendes and Frederick R. Coudert. Walter Besant contributes an enthusiastic paper on



'The People's Palace,' in which he describes its objects, its aims, and the results of the work so far obtained. From his statements it is evident that the young patrons of the Palace relish fiction strongly, for in 569 books taken out of the library in a given number of days, 448 were fictitious, and Capt. Marryatt was the writer oftenest called for. If Mr. Besant's enthusiasm has not run away with him, the humanitarianism expended on the project bids fair to accomplish great results. Some interesting letters between Judge Holt and the Hon. James Speed relative to the Surratt affair, given in this number, rather put the Judge in a favorable light at the expense of the Attorney-General. Among the political contributions is one from Congressman Reed, entitled 'Democracy at St. Louis;' and one from Congressman Rayner, on the 'Issues of the Coming Campaign.' Other papers are from Capt. Griffin, U.S.A., on 'Our Coast Defences;' from Isaac H. Bromley, on the 'Abuse of Corporations;' and from G. F. Munz, on 'Fashions in Precious Stones.'

*Macmillan's* for July contains the concluding chapters of Henry James's 'Reverberator,' which will not be greatly missed hereafter, we imagine. Sir Francis Hastings Doyle's poem on 'Lord Rodney's Bantam Cock,' which finds a place in the number, is not bad in its way, though hardly so good as the anecdote in which it had its being. Capt. H. M. Hazier finds 'England's Real Peril' in an 'insane race after luxury,' 'keen competition for enjoyment,' etc., and holds up the mirror to his countrymen in such a way that there is no avoiding the reflection. There is a very enjoyable description of the natural, physical and poetical features of the 'Valley of Waterfalls;' and in continuation of the out-door theme, Ernest Myers sings 'A Song of the Thames,' which fairly laughs in its joyous movement—almost too joyous, perhaps, for the sober Thames. Mr. Walter Paton's 'Gaston de Latour' is still continued, and the number closes with a scholarly review by H. D. Traill of Lucian's Dialogues.—*The Overland Monthly* still finds its way over the mountains, and brings with it the odor of pine woods and the breath of the Pacific. The number for July starts out with a characteristic article on 'A Pioneer Fruit Region,' by J. Burns, which is very alluring to the young graduate now casting about for a 'business.' Another article, much in the same line, Alfred Bannister's 'California and Her Wheat Culture,' goes to show that, whatever the state of agriculture in the East may be, the farming lands on the Pacific slope have 'millions in them.' *The Overland* is evidently 'booming' California; but it does it so gracefully that we can't resent it.

We are always sure of good sup and good cheer 'At the Sign of the Ship.' In *Longman's Magazine*, this month, Mr. Lang is as entertaining as ever in his hospitality, and one would fain linger at his board and listen to his charming discourse on 'men and things.' Speaking of Mr. Sharp's 'Romantic Ballads and Poems of Phantasy,' mine host launches out upon the ballad in general. He would have us think that its day is done. In an aside he pays a pretty compliment to Mr. Henley's 'Book of Verses,' and then passes on to a little anecdote of Scott's fishing-tackle, telling how we owe 'Waverley' to a bit of horse-hair and a bait-hook. The author of 'John Herring' contributes to the number four chapters of the serial story 'Eve;' and the first two chapters of a new serial, named 'Orthodox,' by Dorothea Gerard, here make their appearance. Grant Allen has a semi-scientific paper on 'Evolving the Camel;' and a companion paper in the realms of natural history, by George J. Nathan, tells us 'Something about Ostrich Feathers.' In the way of a short story, Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt has written a half-dozen pages entitled 'Bamborough Sands;' and E. Nesbit furnishes the verse in 'Two Lives,' a rhymed allegory, in two parts, filling five pages of the magazine.

*The Andover Review* is wanting in general interest this month. It opens with a paper, by Prof. H. N. Gardiner, on 'Schopenhauer as a Critic of Religion,' in which the pessimist's system of philosophy is characterized as the most paradoxical in modern times. Perhaps in the whole history of thought there has been none other formulated, that 'not only ran so completely counter to natural instincts and the current views of things, but involves so many obvious internal contradictions.' Not by any means a strikingly new arraignment; but what is more to the point, Dr. Gardiner speaks of Schopenhauer's 'own consciousness of this contradiction,' and 'his deep sense of the inner conflict' in his own spirit. And he adds: 'Between the intellect and the will . . . existed in him an internecine warfare which allowed of no peace, a conflict all the more violent because of the surpassing strength of both contestants as they were brought together on the field of consciousness of one such man of genius.' The Rev. Thomas P. Hughes follows this with an article on 'The Muslim's Faith,' which is in some respects the most enjoyable paper for the general reader. In it the writer contradicts the prevalent idea regarding Mohammedanism, that its

devotees are a polygamous people, its conception of Paradise a sensual one, and its propaganda warlike. Of the comparative religions of the Muslim and the Christian, Mr. Hughes remarks: 'The ideal life of the Christian is the highest type of manhood—a redeemed soul sanctified. The ideal life of the Mussulman, taken at its best, is a compromise—a religious devotee with his face Mecca-wards, yearning for a closer union with God as he prostrates in the direction of a black stone in a heathen temple and cries, "God is great." Among the secular papers is one from Joseph Ward, on 'The Territorial System of the United States,' and one from Mr. D. Collin Wells, on 'Stock Companies as Distributors of Wealth.'

### The Fire in *The Century* Building

THE FIRE that did so much damage at the offices of *The Century* last Friday night is supposed to have originated in G. W. Alexander's book-binding establishment on the floor above. The bindery occupies the entire top floor of the big building at 33 East 17th Street, Union Square, extending around even into the L, in which the editorial rooms of the magazine are situated, just back of the Everett House. A pot of glue dropped through the burning floor into the rear room in this L, which is used by Mr. Gilder as his private office, and was found the next day within a few feet of the desk at which he had been sitting until after six o'clock the previous evening. It is believed that this pot was the medium chosen by the flames to communicate with the lower floor; and the devastation they wrought was greater in this particular room than in any other below the level of the bindery. The roof of the building is half gone; the stock on the topmost floor is a mass of worthless rubbish; and even on the floor occupied by the magazine, the actual damage runs high up into the thousands. The Company's property was fully insured, but the editor's personal possessions lacked this protection; his losses, therefore, are heavy, and in some cases irreparable. The whole room is a wreck. The ceiling is half gone; the portrait of Dr. Holland carved in wood by Allegra Eggleston and embedded in the wall above the mantelpiece, is reduced to ashes; the rows of books and the shelves they stood on are a shapeless mass of cinders; the photographs, engravings, autographs and plaster-casts that adorned the walls and tables are indistinguishable from the other flotsam and jetsam scattered about the flooded floor; the end of a walking-stick can be poked inch-deep into the framework of the doorway, or of the windows, from which the sashes are broken out.

After this room and the adjoining editorial rooms, the damage done was greatest in the art department of the magazine, and Mr. Drake and Mr. Frazer are grieving over the loss of various bits of bric-à-brac they may not hope to replace. The dictionary rooms were also scorched and flooded; and the heat was so intense from one end of the floor to the other, that the glass was shattered on almost every picture that lined the corridor extending from the business offices in front to the editorial and art rooms at the back of the building. Even where the glass is not broken, the drawings and mats are ludicrously warped and puckered.

Many of the most valuable manuscripts, original drawings, etc., are kept in the fire-proof De Vinne Press building, of which Mr. Roswell Smith, President of The Century Co., is joint-owner with Mr. Theo. De Vinne; and of the reduced photographic copies of the manuscript pages of 'The Century Dictionary,' duplicates are stored in the vaults of a safe-deposit company. For the present the offices of the magazine are to be found at the De Vinne Press, No. 12 Lafayette Place.

### The Lounger

ONE of the first persons on the scene of the disaster, after the Century Company fire, was Mr. E. C. Stedman, who came to offer his sympathy and to lend a hand if necessary. He made the capital suggestion that the burned rooms be photographed in all their black disorder, and it was promptly acted upon. A photographer and his camera were soon on the spot and a number of interesting views of charred furniture, burned manuscripts, and general destruction were made. Fortunately, very few manuscripts were destroyed. Of course the more valuable ones were in safes; but there was a drawful of unread manuscripts in the editor's desk. These, while badly scorched, are still legible; so if the editor hoped to escape reading them, he is doomed to disappointment; for by the exercise of a little ingenuity they can be threaded together and deciphered. I saw him down on his knees on the floor with one of them in front of him, which he was working over with all the anxious expectation of a man playing a game of solitaire. It was a curious-looking manuscript; all of the edges were burned, but the fire had just grazed the reading-matter—which is a hint to authors to leave wide margins around their manuscripts.

IT SEEMED to me that there was as much destruction by water as by fire in *The Century's* rooms. The water poured down from the ceiling above and stood several inches deep on the floor. The sight of the editorial staff in overshoes and with umbrellas over their heads picking their way about their once beautiful rooms in search of manuscripts and bits of bric-à-brac, would have been melancholy if it had not been amusing.

THE ORATOR of the Gettysburg celebration, Mr. George William Curtis, went from New York to the scene of the battle in a special car. The party consisted of Gen. F. C. Barlow, one of the heroes of the fight; Mr. E. L. Godkin, editor of *The Evening Post*, who sent a very interesting letter to his paper; Mr. R. W. Gilder, editor of *The Century*; Postmaster Pearson, Naval Officer Burt, Mr. William Potts, of the Civil Service Commission; Mr. Walter Howe, and a few others. The car left this city on Saturday evening, June 30, and started back on the eve of the Fourth of July. As it was comfortably fitted up as a 'sleeper,' the travellers chose to remain aboard it at Gettysburg, rather than seek the uncertain and inadequate accommodations of an overcrowded hotel. The only drawback to their enjoyment came from the extravagant and erring habits of the car itself. If any of them left it for a few minutes, they found it stealing quietly away when they returned; if they were absent half an hour, a search-party had to be organized and sent in pursuit of the strayed 'sleeper' wherein the rest of the party were being shunted about at the mercy of the railroad people. In this way they were in constant danger of being cut off from their base of supplies, and of falling into the hands of the 'Confederate brigadiers' who infested the field. Gen. Barlow, indeed, did fall into the clutches of one of these brigadiers. It was Gen. J. B. Gordon, ex-Senator from Georgia and now Governor of the State. They had met at the same place twenty-five years before, when the Northern soldier was left wounded on the field, and Gen. Gordon, finding him there, and asking him what service he could render him, was told that there was only one—to destroy the letters in his (Barlow's) pocket. This he did; another Southern soldier having already placed a knapsack under the dying Northerner's head. The second meeting on this field of these two officers was only one of many such instances.

THE UNIQUE and striking feature of the Gettysburg reunion was the fraternal assemblage of men who had, on the same field, fought each other to the death for principles incapable of reconciliation. What made possible the reconciliation of the fighters themselves was the losers' conviction that they have gained as much by the defeat of their cause as the victors, and more than their own triumph would have given them. Mr. Curtis rose to the height of the occasion, commemorating the great battle and its results in an oration as finished in literary form as it was rich and eloquent in matter and impressive in delivery. It occurs to me that the field of Gettysburg, preserved as it is, would make an excellent lecture-room to be used in connection with the Military Academy. An annual description and explanation of the fight, made on the spot by a competent officer—a sort of military clinic, as it were,—and followed by an inspection of the nine miles of hill and valley, forest, plain and farm, might advantageously supplement the course of study at West Point.

IN CALLING attention some weeks ago to an article in a Detroit paper on the personality of Mrs. Rosa Hartwick Thorpe, I quoted the writer's statement that the author of 'Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night' had received nothing but fame for that very popular poem, save fifty 'complimentary' copies of an illustrated edition published by Messrs. Osgood & Co. of Boston. Mr. James R. Osgood, the senior member of that late firm, now London agent of Harper & Bros., sends me a clipping containing this statement, accompanied by the following note:

When one finds an error in THE CRITIC, which is usually so accurate and so judicious, one attaches more importance to it than to a mistake from an ordinary source. Hence my mind has been disturbed by the accompanying paragraph in a recent number, which seems to carry with it an implication of illiberal dealing on the part of my late firm of James R. Osgood & Co. It is enough to say in correction that 'the Osgoods,' as you abbreviate it, never published the poem 'Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night,' and consequently any sins of omission or commission in connection with it cannot be laid to their charge.

I OWE Mr. Osgood an apology, of course, for failing to correct this error in copying the Detroit newspaper's statement. The publishers of the illustrated edition of Mrs. Thorpe's 'Curfew' were the Boston firm of Lee & Shepard, who issued the book during the holiday season of 1886, at prices ranging, according to style of binding, from fifty cents to three dollars per copy. While on this

subject, I may quote a letter lately received from Mrs. Danske Dandridge, of Shepherdstown, West Virginia:

IN THE CRITIC of June 2, Mrs. Thorpe's use in verse of 'home' and 'come' is commented upon, and believing that this rhyme to the eye is honored by the usage of the best poets, and desirous of settling the point of its admissibility for my own satisfaction, I went to my bookshelves and took down the first volumes of poetry that came to hand. These happened to be Lowell's, Shelley's and Keats's. I found the rhyme employed by all three of these poets. I then examined Sidney Lanier's and Miss Thomas's writings, but failed to find it in either of them. I was struck by the rarity of imperfect rhymes in their poems, especially in Lanier's. I have since found 'come' used as a rhyme for 'home' by Tennyson and Rossetti. Of the poets that I have examined, I would put Lanier at the head for niceness of ear in musical terminations, with Tennyson next and Miss Thomas third. I cannot find the objectionable 'come' and 'home' used by Swinburne, but he takes strange liberties with the language of which he is such a master—liberties inadmissible to lesser poets. But some of his rhymes are a little startling, such as 'berries'—'services,' 'house'—'riotous,' 'maidens'—'pains,' 'holiness'—'services,' 'maidens'—'thence,' 'brows'—'house,' 'it'—'feet,' 'lying'—'playing,' 'does'—'ravenous,' and 'is'—'branches'! Perhaps it is not well to imitate the imperfections of great poets; else might our rhyming-dictionaries be greatly amplified.

GEORGIA is to have the greatest Chautauqua in the country. The summer session opens this month and will continue till autumn. One of its chief features will be a week devoted to Southern authors, in which many of the most noted *littérateurs* on the nether side of Mason and Dixon's line will participate, either delivering lectures or reading selections from their works. A second week will be devoted to the Presidents and assistants of the various Universities of the South, and yet another to the teachers in the public and private schools of the Southern States. The courses of reading and study are to be almost universal in range; and arrangements have been perfected for the development of the muscles as well as the minds of the Chautauquans. Mr. Henry W. Grady, of the *Atlanta Constitution*, the moving spirit of the enterprise, is backed by a number of Georgia capitalists who are delighted with his idea of making of the Piedmont Chautauqua a school excelling anything of the kind yet attempted. The site chosen is a tract of land some twenty acres in extent, lying near a station called Salt Springs, in the neighborhood of Atlanta. An English landscape-gardener has made the wilderness there to blossom like the rose in a more literal sense than usual, one of the chief adornments of the grounds being an immense mound covered with rose-bushes. Provision will be made for the accommodation of 100,000 guests.

## The Fine Arts

### Art-Talk in England.

IT WOULD be hard to say whether the crowd that gathered at Grosvenor House the other day, at a meeting presided over by the Duke of Westminster, was attracted most by a deep interest in art, or by the opportunity of seeing Grosvenor House, a live Duke, and a fine picture-gallery. The discussion that took place might have been more to the purpose, had those who took part in it been informed beforehand of what was expected of them. As it was, copies were scattered about the hall of a printed report of 'The Initiatory Proceedings for the Foundation and First Congress of the National Association for the Advancement of Art and its Application to Industry.' From one of these I gathered that certain gentlemen in Liverpool, suddenly awaking to the fact that art is in a very bad way, have prescribed for it an Art Congress in their own town. Being also convinced that the Association founded to further this cause should be national, and should boast of a list of prominent men as patrons, they sent one of their Hon. Secretaries to London to consult—not artists, since artists are supposed to know less than anybody else about art, but the Duke of Westminster. Americans are said to dearly love a lord, but their love is as water to wine, when compared with that of the Englishman. A title is indispensable to success in any English enterprise.

A Duke having been secured, other gentlemen were invited to explain at a preliminary meeting the needs of art and the aims of the Congress. Mr. William Morris (who wore his blue flannel shirt as a compromise for having to address the Duke of Westminster as 'Your Grace') suggested, in guarded language, socialism as the only hope for art; revolutionize social conditions, and the cause of indifference to art will be removed. Mr. Gosse, with a good deal of commonsense, recommended the study of facts and figures, if the practical application of art to industry was to be understood, and for this sensible suggestion he fell later 'a Philistine among the Æsthetes.' Mr. Walter Crane proposed that the artist should



become a craftsman and the craftsman an artist, if art and not merely one of its many branches was to be made known to an ignorant public. Mr. Charles G. Leland dwelt upon the necessity of an early beginning to art education; technical schools would produce far more valuable results if those who entered them had already received as children an elementary training in the industrial arts. Several others spoke, merely to repeat what had been already said. An M. P. from Birmingham, as if he hoped light might come to us from his sweetness, smiled as he amiably recalled to our memory the suggestions to which we had just been listening. Mr. Aitchison fancied that if we dressed more picturesquely, art would suddenly revive; a fancy which elicited a vigorous 'hear! hear!' from William Morris, whose own appearance, however, gave but poor promise for the costume of his socialistic future.

Perhaps the speech most characteristic of such art-discussions was that of Mr. Oscar Wilde, who, in proposing a vote of thanks to the Duke of Westminster, took occasion to show Mr. Gosse what a sad Philistine he was, crying out in astonishment that a literary man, a distinguished Professor at one of the universities, but one who has never produced any artistic work, should venture to connect art with trade. And then he, the clever literary man who has never produced any artistic work, laid down the artistic law, by declaring that until all thought of money was set aside, there could be no true art! What would the artists of the past—Perugino and Raphael, Luca della Robbia and Cellini, Reubens and Vandyke and a host of others, whose studios were workshops, say to this? Of how many could be told a story similar to that recorded of Sodoma at Monte Oliveto, where his work was, he himself admitted, slovenly in proportion as his pay was small. It is left for the modern artist, who charges fabulous prices for his pictures, and for the self-constituted modern art critic, to ask, 'What has art to do with money?' It is because Mr. Wilde is a fair type of the modern art critic that I dwell upon his remarks. If I remember rightly, Englishmen thought it a proof of American gullibility, that we allowed him to run away with thirty thousand of our hard-earned dollars. But if we gave him our money, we at least took him humorously. In his own country, though artistic talk pays him financially less well, he is taken seriously. I have rarely been to a meeting at which he was present, that he was not called upon to speak. He is an accepted authority on art. And it is to him and his kind that the people are asked to turn with hope for the great Renaissance of modern times. Mr. Gosse very neatly made a new use of the story told of Wilkie, and his remark, 'Gentlemen, when you have done talking, you may perhaps do something.' This Association, Mr. Gosse said, by talking would be doing great things for the advancement of art. But I fear if it talks to no more purpose than it did at this meeting, the remedy proposed by the Liverpool gentlemen will prove worse than the disease. The only hope for art in England is, that the day will come when art critics will have talked themselves out, and artists and craftsmen will be free from associations formed for the advancement of art.

LONDON, June 25, 1888.

E. R. P.

#### Art Notes

JAMES JACKSON JARVES, the well-known art writer, died about two weeks ago at Tarasp, Switzerland. He was born at Boston in 1818. While Consul at Honolulu, Mr. Jarves founded *The Poly-nesian*, the first newspaper ever printed in the Sandwich Islands. He also wrote several works on the history and scenery of the islands. He soon went to Florence, Italy, to live, and during his residence of many years in that city wrote numerous books on art, gaining a reputation as a critic and connoisseur whose opinion carried weight. Among the collections made by him was one of 'old masters,' purchased by Yale College. His fine collection of examples of Venetian glass is in the Metropolitan Museum. His valuable collection of antique laces and textile fabrics was dispersed by auction sale in New York several years ago. The titles of his books are 'History of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands' (1843), 'Scenes and scenery in the Sandwich Islands' (1844), 'Art Hints' (1855—enlarged and republished as 'Art Studies'), 'The Art Idea,' 'Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture in America,' (1865), 'Art Thoughts' (1869), and 'Italian Rambles' (1883).

The prizes at the Chicago Art Institute exhibition have been taken by George Inness and Thomas W. Dewing. Only eight canvases were sold. The Institute was recently in debt \$60,000, but half that sum has been subscribed by various merchants of the city to relieve it of the encumbrance.

A statue of Richard Stockton, by H. K. Browne, has been placed in Statuary Hall at Washington.

Thomas Cole's painting, 'The Hermitage,' has recently been presented to the University at Burlington, Vermont.

#### "One of the Signers"

AT AMESBURY, MASS., and also at the Fourth of July celebration at Mr. Henry C. Bowen's country home at Woodstock, Conn., the following poem by John G. Whittier was read on Wednesday of last week. It is entitled 'One of the Signers,' and refers to Gov. Josiah Bartlett, whose statue was unveiled at Amesbury on the Fourth.

O storied vale of Merrimac!  
Rejoice through all thy shade and shine,  
And, from his century's sleep, call back  
A brave and honored son of thine!

Unveil his effigy between  
The living and the dead to-day;  
The fathers of the Old Thirteen  
Shall witness bear as spirits may.

Unseen, unheard, his gray compeers,  
The shades of Lee and Jefferson;  
Wise Franklin, reverend with his years,  
And Carroll lord of Carrollton!

Be thine henceforth a pride of place  
Beyond thy namesake's over sea,  
Where scarce a stone is left to trace  
The Holy House of Amesbury.

A prouder memory lingers round  
The birth-place of thy true man here,  
Than that which haunts the refuge found  
By Arthur's mythic Guenevere.

The plain, deal table, where he sat  
And signed a nation's title-deed,  
Is dearer now to fame than that  
Which bore the scroll of Runnymede.

Long as, on Freedom's natal morn,  
Shall ring the Independence bells,  
Thy children's children yet unborn  
Shall hear the tale his image tells.

In that great hour of destiny  
Which tried the souls of sturdiest stock,  
Who knew the end alone must be  
A free land or a traitor's block,

Amidst those picked and chosen men,  
Than his, who here first drew his breath,  
No firmer fingers held the pen  
That wrote for liberty or death.

Not for their hearths and homes alone,  
But for the world, the deed was done;  
On all the winds their thought has flown  
Through all the circuit of the sun.

We trace its flight by broken chains,  
By songs of grateful labor still,  
To-day, in all her holy fanes,  
It rings the bells of freed Brazil!

O hills that watched his boyhood's home,  
O earth, and air that nursed him, give,  
In this memorial semblance, room  
To him who shall its bronze outlive!

And thou, O Land he loved, rejoice  
That, in the countless years to come,  
Whenever freedom needs a voice  
These sculptured lips shall not be dumb!

#### The Teaching of Literature, Again.

##### TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Mr. Buckham's article, 'Shall Literature be Taught?' published in a recent number of THE CRITIC, contains several statements that, in my opinion, should not be allowed to go unchallenged. Says Mr. Buckham:

In this country and England, up to the present time, the study of English literature has been steadily subordinated to the study of philology. . . . So far as I know, there is not a higher institution of learning in the United States which has a department of literature. All the universities have 'English' departments, so-called—philological kites, dragging the slender tail of literature; dry bones, rattling derisively at the thought of the anatomical study of muscles and nerves.

This is very prettily said, but is it grounded on fact? Has Mr.

Buckham learned in suffering what he writes in song, or is he (as I suspect) merely echoing the wail of (say) Mr. Churton Collins, who, with one eye on the Oxford and Cambridge local examinations and the other on the examinations of the India Civil Service, cries out (*The Nineteenth Century*, November, 1887) that English literature is regarded 'not as the expression of art and genius, but as mere material for the study of words, as mere pabulum for philology'? Mr. Collins may be right about the study of literature in England, but is Mr. Buckham right (even aside from questions of International Copyright) in 'localizing' Mr. Collins's line of argument? I think not.

An examination of the catalogues of ten of the higher institutions of learning in the United States—Harvard, Michigan, Yale, Johns Hopkins, Columbia, Cornell, Princeton, Dartmouth, Amherst and Bowdoin, shows ground for doubt in every case; and in at least three of these institutions—Harvard, Michigan and Johns Hopkins,—where the courses are practically all elective, the student may make his studies in either English literature or philology as thorough as he chooses; he may take his philology, or he may let it alone. The wording of the catalogues is not, to be sure, an infallible index to the character of the course; behind an innocent 'English Literature' there may lurk the grinning skull of Old High-German, or some other philological death's head; I can, therefore, speak with absolute assurance only of my own Alma Mater, the University of Michigan.

Among the students of that institution, English literature enjoys a very high degree of popularity—so high, that of the candidates who presented themselves this year for higher degrees, and for degrees on the 'university system,' more than three-fourths chose English literature either as a 'major' or as one of their 'minors.' Michigan University is, therefore, an excellent example by which to test the solidity of Mr. Buckham's position. The crowning courses in English literature at Ann Arbor, are what are known as the 'Masterpiece,' 'Shakespeare,' and 'American' 'seminaries.' The first two consume each three hours a week, and the last, two hours a week, during a semester. At each meeting of the 'seminary' a student reads a half-hour thesis on the subject for the week. This thesis is then 'reviewed' by another member of the class in a fifteen-minute critique. The remainder of the two hours is devoted to a discussion, by the students, of the 'masterpiece' in hand. On another day, later in the week, an hour is spent in listening to a general *résumé* of the topic by the professor in charge.

Now, to the best of my recollection, none of these four exercises—thesis, critique, discussion or lecture—was ever in any sense philological. The subject under discussion, whether More's 'Utopia,' Shakespeare's 'Tempest,' or Hawthorne's 'Marble Faun,' was always regarded as 'the expression of art and genius,' never as 'mere material for the study of words.' There was no 'word-mongering' of any sort. The word *crux* was never once uttered in the Shakespeare 'seminary' of which I was a member, by either professor or student; and in none of the three courses were the dry bones of A. S., O. H. G., or O. N. rattled derisively or otherwise. To arrive at a comprehensive critical estimate of the work as a work of art, and at a nearer acquaintance with the author as an artist, were the ends aimed at, and, to a notable degree, attained.

Nor do the approaches to these 'seminaries' consist, as Mr. Buckham seems to think they do, of 'long and exacting courses in the crudest periods of language.' The studies designed to lead up to them comprise composition, rhetoric, a general history of English literature, Anglo-Saxon, Chaucer, the history of the drama, and (beginning with the present year) a course which is offered ('so far as I know') in no other higher institution of learning in the United States—namely, in the principles of literary criticism. This is also a 'seminary.' Among the subjects discussed may be mentioned Aristotle's 'Poetics,' 'The Unities,' the function of tragedy, technique of the drama, comparative aesthetics, the development of the novel, realism and idealism in fiction, the principles of literature, etc., the aim being to arrive at a working basis for the critical writing required in the higher 'seminaries.'

When I state further that similar 'seminary' work, quite unphilological in character, is pursued in Greek, Latin, German and French, I think even Mr. Buckham will concede that in one of the higher institutions of learning in the United States, there are at least the crude beginnings of a real department of literature.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

F. N. SCOTT.

### Robert Browning\*

[Extracts from an essay by Hamilton W. Mable in *The Andover Review*.]

BROWNING'S habitual method of dealing with the personal soul is to reveal it by some swift crisis, by some tremendous temptation, by some supreme experience, under the pressure of which its

strength or its weakness, its nobility or its baseness, are brought out as by a flash of lightning. Life is never life to him except in those hours when it rises to a complete outpouring of itself. To live is to experience intensely. No poet is so intensely Occidental as Browning; so far removed from the Oriental conception of the world as an illusion, of desire and will as snares and evils, of effacement of personality as the chief aim and end of human existence. Browning holds to personality so resolutely that he constructs life along this central conception: in his view the supreme end of being to bring out whatever lies undeveloped within; to seek action, to strive after love and opportunity, and find an unspeakable joy even in the anguish which does not extinguish but elevates and purifies desire. It was inevitable, therefore, that the master passion of life should find at his hands noble and varied expression. It is safe to say that no English poet has matched the sovereign passion of love with so many and such wholly adequate forms. Indeed, when one has grasped Browning's idea of love as the fulfilment of life, there are few other poets who seem to have touched the theme with anything approaching mastery. Certainly that other poet whose star-like soul moves with his forever in a common orbit could have left no more beautiful revelation of her own nature than that which shines and glows in Browning's thought of love. In 'Youth and Art,' in 'Colombe's Birthday,' in 'The Inn Album,' in 'The Ring and the Book,' in those noble self-confessions 'One Word More,' and 'By the Fireside,' in a hundred other forms, it is made clear that life touches its zenith only as it surrenders itself to a passion whose spiritual fervor burns away all selfishness and makes it one with whatever is eternal and divine. He who fails to make the last venture, to hazard all for the possible possession of heaven, may gain everything else, but has miserably and finally failed. He has missed the one supreme hour when life would have been revealed to him. So profoundly is the poet possessed by the necessity of surrendering one's self to the highest impulses that occasionally, as in 'The Statue and the Bust,' this thought dominates and excludes all other considerations, and stamps the ungirt loin and the unlit lamp as the supreme and irrevocable sin against life.

In Browning's conception of the place of personality it was fore-ordained that his genius should be dramatic; should deal with situations and characters and rarely with abstractions. Thought, in his view, has not come to complete consciousness until it has borne the fruit of action. From 'Pauline' to the epilogue in 'Parleyings' it is always a person who speaks, and rarely the poet; the latter keeps himself out of sight by the instinct which is a part of his gift. The subtle genius of a poet whose mastery of psychology is universally recognized has marvelous power of penetrating the secret of natures widely dissimilar, and of experiences which have little in common save that they are a part of life. No poet has ever surpassed Browning in this spiritual clairvoyance or mind-reading, which has made it possible for him to give us the very spirit of the Greek decadence in 'Cleon'; the subtle, confused, but marvelously interesting spirit of the Renaissance in 'The Bishop Orders his Tomb'; the soul of debased Medievalism in 'The Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister'; the first dim perception of religious ideas in a possible primitive man in 'Caliban upon Setebos.' All Browning's poems are dramatic, and all his dramas are dramas of the soul. In 'Paracelsus,' in 'Luria,' in 'Sordello,' in 'The Ring and the Book,' action is used, not for dramatic effect, but to reveal the soul. And only those who have carefully studied these works know what astonishing power is embodied in them, what marvelous subtlety of analysis, what masterly grouping and interplay of motives, what overflowing and apparently inexhaustible force and vitality of mind. In one of his luminous generalizations Goethe says that thought expands but weakens, while action intensifies but narrows. The singular combination of great intellectual range with passionate intensity of utterance which characterizes Browning is explained by the indissoluble union in which he holds thought and action. The dramatic monologue, which belongs to him as truly as the *tersa rima* to Dante, or the nine-line stanza to Spenser, has this great advantage over other forms of expression, that it gives us with the truth the character which that truth has formed; instead of an abstraction we have a piece of reality.

In his essay on Shelley, Browning makes a distinction between the two great classes of poets, the seers and the makers. It is conceded on all sides that he himself is a seer; is he also a maker? The question involves a good deal more than the possession of the skill of the craftsman who employs approved methods and makes his work conform to the best accepted standards. Art is as inexhaustible as nature, and those who know most thoroughly the history of the development of literature will be slowest to condemn a form of expression which does not at a glance reveal all its content of beauty and strength to them. A thinker of Browning's depth and subtlety will never attract those to whom literature is a recrea-

\* Continued from June 9 and 30 and July 7, and concluded.



tion simply; a decorative art which aims to beguile the senses by purely sensuous melody, and to substitute for the hardship of thinking a pleasantly superficial comment on or embellishment of life. Great art will never be easy of comprehension to any save those who have been trained to the point of understanding what it signifies, and whose imaginations are sympathetically awakened and dilated by it. The fact that a writer is difficult, that his meaning does not play like a sunbeam on the surface of his expression, but must be sought in the very structure of his work, does not disprove his possession of the highest artistic power. Sophocles is still the supreme artist among those who have impressed their genius upon language; but Sophocles never condescends to make himself agreeable to our easy, careless moods; he demands our best hours and severest thought. Dante stands by the suffrages of all civilized peoples among the three or four foremost poets of the world, but the 'Divine Comedy' was never yet mastered by the wayfaring man. The fact that Browning is often difficult is evidently not conclusive evidence of his failure as an artist. The great body of his work is perfectly comprehensible when one approaches it from the poet's own point of view. It is then seen to be, for the most part, marvelously adapted to the utterance of his thought, the masterful expression of his purpose. The dramatic monologue is not easy reading at first, but when one has become familiar with it, does any form of art seem so alive with the potency of passion, so compact and yet so flexible and expressive? Does not 'My Last Duchess' tell the whole story, reveal the whole interior tragedy, in a few swift words, not one of which miss the exact emphasis, the essential and inevitable weight? It lies within the power of no secondary artist to match his thought with an expression that is instantly and forever a part of that thought; not its form only, but its soul irradiating and fashioning the whole by its own impulsion.

The distinctive quality of an artist is that which leads him to use the one form of expression which gives his thought the most virile and capacious utterance; which not only conveys to another its definite outlines, but those undisclosed relations which unite it to the totality of his thinking. Now, at his best, this is precisely what Browning does; he puts us in complete possession of his conception. He gives us not only the fruit of a great passion in some clear, decisive action; he indicates every stage of the obscure processes which lay behind it. The soil out of which it drew its sustenance, the sky that bent over it, the winds that touched it gently or harshly, shadow of cloud and flash of sun upon it, the atmosphere that enveloped it, the movement of human life about it,—all these things become clear to us as we read such a story as the crime of Guido in 'The Ring and the Book,' become part of the intricate play, becomes part also of our imagination, until at last the marvelous drama is complete in a sense in which few works of art are ever complete. Browning's view of life and art and nature is not that of the scientific observer or of the philosopher; it is the artist's view.

In what has been said the endeavor has been to lay bare Browning's characteristic quality as a thinker and as an artist, to make clear his distinctive and peculiar message and work. A poet of such vigor, of such intense vitality, will disclose grave faults. It is the work of intelligent criticism, while it takes account of these things, to make it clear that incompleteness is a necessary part of life. The Angelos and Dantes are always somewhat careless of detail; the Cellinis alone are faultless. Browning sometimes sees life on its spontaneous side so clearly that he fails to attach due weight to conventions and institutions; he has more than once wasted his force on unimportant themes; and he is sometimes needlessly and exasperatingly obscure. 'Sordello,' for instance, is distinctively defective as a work of art, because the conception was evidently not mastered at the start, and the undeniable confusion and obscurity of the poem are due largely to this offense against the primary law of art. The lover of Browning will not shrink from the application of a rigid selective principle to a body of verse which he is persuaded will remain, after all reductions are made, one of the most powerful, varied, and nobly executed contributions to contemporary poetry; the splendid utterance of a great soul who has searched knowledge, nature, art, and life, and with the awful vision clear before him still sings with Pippa:

God's in His heaven,  
All's right with the world.

### Notes

ON THE text from a daily paper, 'Walt Whitman is ill at his home in Camden, N. J., and, it is said, will not recover,' 'E. J. M.' writes in *America*:—'Walt Whitman was the Jack Cade of American literature. A sturdy rebel against conventions, a representative of the masses, he encamped before the citadel of tradition and

proclaimed the war that was to bring about the democracy of song. His cause will perish with him, and his name stand like a pillar in a waste place—lonely, but imperishable.'

—The *World* is publishing in its Sunday issues complete editions of a dozen popular novels. Stevenson's 'Treasure Island' (72,000 words), with original illustrations, began the series last Sunday, filling several pages of small type. The regular price of the paper (four cents) is not raised for these 'extras.' Yet the opponents of International Copyright claim that the 'pauper labor' of England enables the British publisher to get his type set at rates that would starve the American printer!

—Mr. E. A. Abbey is to illustrate for the Harpers Miss Amélie Rives's drama in verse, which she has now completed and has called 'Athelwold.' A second composition from her pen in the same line, also completed, is entitled 'Andrea Vertoni.'

—It is said that Mr. Stevenson has written a play for Miss Calhoun, the American actress now playing at the Royalty Theatre, London.

—Among the latest French novels are 'Gertrude et Véronique,' by André Theuriot; 'Les Belles Poupées,' by Théo. de Banville; 'Maïma,' by Armand Sylvestre; 'Le Gros Lot,' by X. de Montépin; 'La Vengeance de Pierre,' by Edouard Delpit; 'Le Jockey,' by Georges Nazim; 'Grande Maquet,' by Catulle Mendès; 'Courte et Bonne,' by Marie Colombier, an actress who wrote an ill-natured book about Bernhardt's first American tour; and 'La Femme du Cabotin,' by George Moore, author of 'A Mummer's Daughter' and 'A Modern Lover'—the English novelist who renounced his mother-tongue because Mr. Smith's news-stands and 'Mr. Mudie's Librerie' refused to circulate those precious works, and so suppressed their sale in England.

—Jules Verne has written a new book of adventure, 'Deux Ans de Vacances,' which has just appeared in Hetzel's Library of Education and Recreation.

—The chief attraction of this week's *Harper's Weekly* is a so-called 'lyricated farce,' by W. D. Howells, entitled 'A Sea-Change; or, Love's Stowaway.' The operetta was read before the author's friends in Boston, on Jan. 27, 1885, to the accompaniment of Mr. Henschel's music.

—Messrs. Macmillan have ready 'Selections from Kant,' prepared and translated by John Watson, Professor of Philosophy at Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.

—Marion Crawford is understood to be at work on the sequel to 'Saracinesca.'

—Edward R. Roe's 'May and June' is getting a good deal of advertising from the fact that the Rev. Edward P. Roe and his publishers, Dodd, Mead & Co., have brought suit in the Circuit Court, at Chicago, to restrain Edward R.'s publishers, Laird & Lee, from imitating the cover design with which the readers of the Rev. E. P. R.'s popular novels are familiar. The subject-matter of the suit has already been referred to in these columns. The New York publishers put their damages at \$2000. A daily paper says that every rose has its thorn, and Edward P. Roe's thorn is to be commented on the writings of his Western namesake.

—The following sonnet, entitled 'Apparition,' is being widely quoted from Mr. Henley's 'Book of Verses' on the supposition that it refers to the poet's friend, Mr. Stevenson:

Thin-legged, thin-chested, slight unspeakably,  
Neat-footed and weak-fingered; in his face—  
Lean, large-boned, curved of beak, and touched with race  
Bold-lipped, rich-tinted, mutable as the sea,  
The brown eyes radiant with vivacity,—  
There shines a brilliant and romantic grace,  
A spirit intense and rare, with trace on trace  
Of passion, impudence and energy,  
Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck,  
Most vain, most generous, sternly critical,  
Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist;  
A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,  
Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all,  
And something of the shorter-Catechist.

—Among the stories in the August *Scribner's* (which will be pre-eminently a fiction number) there will be a sketch of rural New England character, by Sara Orne Jewett, entitled 'Fair Day,' and stories and sketches by 'Octave Thanet,' Maria Blunt, Robert Louis Stevenson, Henry James, and F. J. Stimson. Mr. Stevenson's paper describes his arrest by a French Provincial magistrate when on a walking-tour which succeeded the journey commemorated in 'An Inland Voyage.' The scene of Mr. Stimson's serial, 'First Harvest,' completely changes in the August instalment, which gives a picture of the coal-regions of Pennsylvania during a strike.

—A. C. McClurg & Co., who are translating and publishing in this country the Great French Writers series, promise very soon a biography of Montesquieu by A. Sorel and one of Voltaire by Ferdinand Brunetiere.

—It is rumored that Matthew Arnold's letters to his family and friends will soon be given to the world.

—Joseph Pennell, who is an authority on 'cycling as well as an etcher and illustrator, and who has with his wife written or 'pictured' five or six books 'on the wheel,' will contribute to the forthcoming 'Dictionary of English Slang' a collection of all the terms used on the road, illustrated with reminiscences or anecdotes.

—The author of the new book, 'An Irish Knight of the Nineteenth Century,' is Miss Anne Varina Davis, daughter of Jefferson Davis. It is published by John W. Lovell Co.

—Andrew Lang has written a new fairy-tale, which will shortly be published by Arrowsmith, with illustrations in color.

—Eric Mackay, author of the 'Love-Letters of a Violinist,' who first came into notice in this country a few years ago, by his contributions in verse to *The Independent*, is about to publish a second volume of poems, entitled 'A Lover's Litanies.'

—The July *Book Buyer* contains a frontispiece engraving of George A. Henty, accompanying an article upon that popular writer of juvenile stories. It has also a long review of Mrs. van Rensselaer's Life of Richardson, with reproductions from the architectural illustrations in her book.

—Harper & Bros. are soon to publish an *édition de luxe* of Hill's 'Boswell's Johnson,' and a practically new Latin dictionary by Charlton T. Lewis.

—Some antiquary has recently unearthed from *The Keepsake* of over half a century ago, the following lines addressed by Coleridge 'To a Critic who quoted an isolated passage, and then declared it unintelligible':

Most candid critic, what if I  
By way of joke pluck out your eye,  
And holding up the fragment cry  
'Ha, ha! that men such fools should be!  
Behold this shapeless mass! and he  
Who own'd it dreamt that it could see!  
The joke were mighty analytic—  
But should you like it, candid critic?

—'Songs, Ballads and a Garden-Party' is the title of Miss Mary F. Robinson's book of verse just published in London.

—Macmillan & Co. are about to issue in two volumes a second series of Carlyle's letters, edited by Charles Eliot Norton, covering the period between 1826 and 1835.

—Geo. Routledge & Sons announce as the latest additions to Morley's Universal Library Michael Woodhull's translation into English verse of 'Hecuba' and other plays of Euripides, and books 3-5 of Rabelais' 'Gargantua.'

—The next volume in the Twelve English Statesmen series will be 'Henry II,' by Mrs. J. R. Green.

—Dean Bradley is writing a life of his predecessor, Dean Stanley. Mrs. Humphry Ward, the author of 'Robert Elsmere,' is the Dean's daughter.

—A life of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, 'from the French of Madame Augustus Craven,' has just appeared in England.

—In the 'Letters and Memorials of Archbishop Trench' occurs the following letter on the last days of Keats, addressed to the Archbishop by a friend in Rome:

I have made Severn's acquaintance. He is a very fine fellow, and I like him amazingly. My only introduction to him was our common admiration of Keats, whose memory he cherishes most affectionately, and of whom he is never tired of speaking when he finds one who listens with gladness. I have sat in his studio for hours while he has been painting a design which Keats suggested to him, and all the while he has been telling me particulars of his last days. His sufferings were terrible and prolonged. Shelley and Hunt had deprived him of his belief in Christianity, which he wanted in the end, and he endeavored to fight back to it, saying if Severn would get him a Jeremy Taylor he thought he could believe; but it was not to be found in Rome.

—Under the editorship of Wm. Archer, a series of biographies is to be issued by Kegan Paul & Co. under the title of English Actors. Mr. Archer will write of the Keans.

—A new biography of the Polish poet Adam Mickiewicz, by his son Ladislaus, who lives in Paris, throws an interesting light on the relations of the poet to the Bonapartes.

—'Another's Crime' is the title of the last of the 'sensation novels' written by Julian Hawthorne in collaboration with Inspector Byrnes.

—Writing of Matthew Arnold in *Harper's Basar*, Dr. E. E. Hale speaks incidentally of the other poet of the name of Arnold:

Edwin Arnold, I do not know, though I believe I was of counsel about the first American reprint of 'The Light of Asia,' by our good friends Roberts Brothers. This is one of those books which made its fame in America, and which America taught England how to enjoy. For the encouragement of journalists, as we are all of their craft, let me say that Arnold's father-in-law, Mr. Channing, told me that Arnold wrote that marvellous poem in one summer while he was doing his regular daily work on *The Daily News*. I am bold enough to say that the poem probably owes its 'go'—what I believe they call its *elan*—to being written in this fashion, though that is a horrible thing to say to young authors. I shall, by the way, have no other chance to say in print that I have traced all but one of the stories in 'The Light of Asia' to their originals, either in 'The Wheel of the Law' or in other Buddhist authorities, even back to the queer medieval Latin novel to which we owe it that Buddha was, by an accident, made a saint of the Church of Rome. But one, the story of Sujata and Buddha, as told here, I suppose to have been Mr. Arnold's addition. It is pure Christianity, and as such differs in its essence from pure Buddhism.

## The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### ANSWERS.

**No. 1358.**—The Brotherhood of the New Life loves mystery, and the only account that may be had of it may be gathered from a large volume of occultistic matter entitled 'Esoteric Science,' privately printed in 1884, I think, and from a series of poems called 'Star-Flowers: The Woman's Mystery,' three volumes of about 125 pp. each, one canto in each volume, privately printed in 1886. There are numerous earlier books, whose titles I don't remember, and probably later books, of which I don't know, that would assist in giving one an idea of the religious theories held by the Brotherhood. But the system has developed through early evangelistic and Swedenborgian phases into something much more subtle—a kind of spiritualized and Orientalized Hebraism akin to Theosophy, let us say,—and the books mentioned, especially 'Esoteric Science,' would represent well enough, and better than his earlier sermonizings, the special revelation of the Rev. Thomas Lake Harris, founder of the Brotherhood. All of these publications are written by this 'Pivotal Man,' as his disciples call him, under peculiar methods of composition, and are claimed to be inspired and authoritative utterances. They are set in type by members of the Brotherhood (now resident at Fountain Grove, near Santa Rosa, Cal.), and are not for sale, but may be procured only through the hands of believers. Mr. Laurence Oliphant's 'Piccadilly' and also his last volume are saturated with Harrisism.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

C. P.

**No. 1351.**—In the answer to this question printed on June 23, the replies numbered 2 and 3 should have been 3 and 4 respectively.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

K. S.

## Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Adams, T. A. S. Aunt Peggy and Other Poems. 50c. each...Century Pub. Co.  
Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, Parts XIX-XX. 50c. each...Boston: Ticknor & Co.  
Brown, H. D. Two College Girls. 50c. .... Boston: Ticknor & Co.  
Chapin, J. B. Case of John Daley. .... Phila.: Med. Jurisprudence Soc.  
Davis, V. A. An Irish Knight of the Nineteenth Century. 50c. .... John W. Lovell Co.  
De St. Bris, Thos. Discovery of the Origin of the Name of America. 50c. .... American News Co.  
Duchess, The. Hon. Mrs. Vereker. 25c. .... Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.  
Duchess, The. Hon. Mrs. Vereker. .... Chicago: T. S. Denison.  
Finch, F. E., and Sibley, F. J. John B. Finch: His Life and Work. .... Funk & Wagnalls.  
Goldsmith, O. Plays. .... Boston: Scribner & Welford.  
Hale, E. E. How they Lived in Hampton. .... Boston: J. Stillman Smith & Co.  
Horn, G. Margravine of Balreuth and Voltaire. .... Scribner & Welford.  
Hurlia, A. Eugenia: A Friend's Victim. 50c. .... Welles Pub. Co.  
Johannot, J. Stories of Other Lands. 47c. .... D. Appleton & Co.  
Knighton, W. Struggles for Life. .... London: Williams & Norgate.  
Macfarlane, M. R. Odds Against Her. 50c. .... Cassell & Co.  
Murray, T. A. H. New English Dictionary, Part IV., Sections I. and II. 75c. ....  
Nobody Knows, by a Nobody. .... Funk & Wagnalls.  
Parkes, Harry. That Sister-in-Law of Mine. .... Frederick Warne & Co.  
Rice, J. H. Mexico our Neighbor. 50c. .... John W. Lovell Co.  
Ruskin, J. Præterita: Outlines of Science and Thoughts. Vol. III., Chap. I. .... John Wiley & Sons.  
Shakespeare, W. King Henry IV., Part I. 10c. .... Cassell & Co.  
Smith, G. Trip to England. 30c. .... Toronto: Williamson & Co.  
Strickland, A. Tudor and Stuart Princesses. .... Scribner & Welford.  
Venable, W. H. Footprints of the Pioneers in the Ohio Valley. .... Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.